The Liberalist

Volume XXXVII NOVEMBER, 1960 Number 8

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Were thanks with every gift expressed,
Each day would be Thanksgiving;
Were gratitude its very best,
Each life would be thanksliving.
—Chauncey R. Piety

ANNOUNCING
SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES

Rev. Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D., Pastor

Sunday, Nov. 6,

Dr. Homer A. Jack, Executive Director, National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, former Assoc. Director, American Committee on Africa and editor of "Africa Today," (the oldest magazine in the U.S., devoted exclusively to African affairs; and former pastor of Evanston Unitarian Church will speak on

11 a.m.—"ALBERT SCHWEITZER AT 85"

7 p.m.—"WHAT EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT AFRICA"

Dr. Bradley is lecturing in California the week of November 3rd, and is preaching Sunday, November 6th at 11 o'clock in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, California.

DR. BRADLEY'S NOVEMBER SUBJECTS:

Sunday, Nov. 13—"SUCCESSFUL FAILURES"
Sunday, Nov. 20—"JANE ADDAMS—A TRIBUTE"
Sunday, Nov. 27—"BUILDING PERSONALITY"
Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 24, 11 a.m.—
Subject: "THE THANKFUL HEART"

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO AND TV PROGRAMS

WBKB-TV, Channel 7—Daily, Monday through Friday..... 6:50 a.m.
WFMF, 100.3—Daily.....11:00 a.m.
WLS—Sundays, direct from the church.....11:00 a.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast, Sundays..... 5:45 p.m.
WEBH-FM, 93.9, Sundays, Chicago Evening Forum..... 7:00 p.m.

* * *

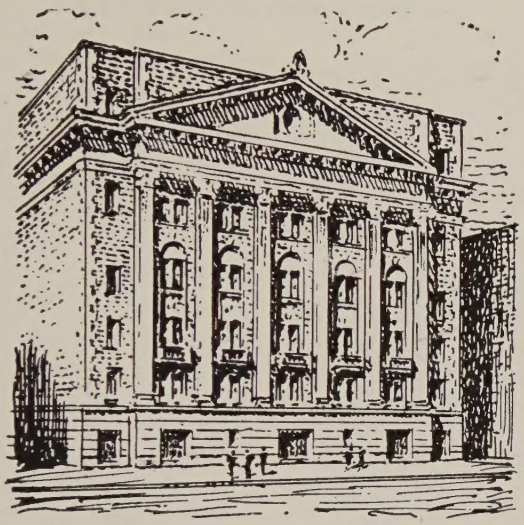
SCHOOL OF RELIGION

9:45 a.m.—All classes meet, but there will be instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45, and for children who remain through the church services.
Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler, M.A., B.D., Minister of Education

* * *

PEOPLES CHURCH COUNSELING SERVICE

8 S. Michigan Avenue — CE 6-3044
Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, M.A., B.D., Minister of Counseling



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM beginning Along the Way this month with an apology to two of my dearest friends. There is an old cliché which says "Never apologize, Your friends don't need it and your enemies will not believe it." Knowing full well how true this statement is, I am going to apologize. You will recall in last month's issue we printed a sermon by one of the most superb preachers in the Unitarian denomination! I paid Dr. Argow a tribute, every word of which was enshrouded in sincerity and admiration. Then, when the Liberalist came out, lo and behold, he was identified as "Minister of Trinity Memorial Church of Baltimore, Maryland." How this ever happened I shall never know, and how it got by the proofreader will remain "an eternal mystery, wrapped in an enigma," for I can think of no more inappropriate name of a church in which Dr. Argow would be the minister than the word "Trinity" implies. What it should have been was Channing Memorial Church, of Baltimore, Maryland. And so, to Dr. Argow and Channing Memorial Church, my deepest apology as well as a feeling of deep disappointment that it ever happened.

The other apology goes to another dear and much valued friend, the Reverend Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst, Minister Emeritus of the great Elmwood Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Belfast, Ireland. I have known Dr. Frazer-Hurst for many years, and on my annual visit to Ireland I see as much of him and his delightful family as it is possible. He is a rare soul and has such a brilliant, absorbing and penetrating mind that one never leaves his presence without being ennobled and enriched. Last summer I spent many happy times with him and the family and will never forget the kindness of his daughter's husband to my sister Beulah and myself on the day he took us both to Antrim to visit the grave of Alexander Irvine and his family. Alexander Irvine, you will recall, as the author of "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," which is a classic. My sister was greatly impressed as we stood in the room of the humble, thatch-roofed cottage in which Alexander Irvine lived as a boy. We took a picture standing in front of the chimney in that humble home which inspired Alexander Irvine's great story.

Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst writes the leading editorial for the Belfast Telegraph every Saturday. The Belfast Telegraph is one of the leading and most important newspapers in the United Kingdom and is more widely read in Northern Ireland than any other newspaper. Some years ago the editor, Sir Robert Baird, who has since passed on, gave me a dinner in Grand Central Hotel, in Belfast—an occasion which will linger in my memory as long as I live.

Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst had a long and a distinguished ministry in the City of Belfast and is one of the best-known clergymen in all Ireland. Ever since his retirement he has continued his literary activity and not too long ago published a life of his dear friend, Dr. A. Wylie Blue, a biography which I thoroughly enjoyed; and my autographed copy is a prized possession in my own library. You may recall that the book was reviewed by Miss Smalley in "Book Chats."

I subscribe to the Belfast Telegraph, and on the arrival of the Saturday edi-

tion each week, no matter how busy I am or what my other reading is, I find time to read Dr. Frazer-Hurst's column.

Dr. Frazer-Hurst and dear Mrs. Hurst are two of the most wonderful people I know. They are kindly, humble, spiritually minded, and have remained deeply in love during the long years of their wedded happiness.

Now for the apology. While I was in Belfast last summer, preaching, Dr. Frazer-Hurst quoted from a sermon I gave and which he heard. I was so honored and felt a justified sense of pride that my humble efforts would would inspire his using it in an article, that I asked the privilege of re-printing the article in the last number of our own Liberalist, and this we did. Dr. Frazer-Hurst's editorials on Saturday are unsigned. This is frequently a tradition in the British press, as it is in our own. The British press does not have many of the type of newspaper writers called columnists, which are so prevalent in our own newspaper world. Most editorials in the British press are unsigned. So we published the Dr. Frazer-Hurst editorial and by one of those strange but occasional conditions, the editorial appeared without any reference to who wrote it or anything concerning its history. We live a busy life in our Study and my activities are such that many times details which I ought to attend to go unobserved. I did not see the proof of last month's magazine or I would have immediately noted the omission; so I am making this explanation. The author of last month's article on "Le Mot Juste," and which so many have spoken about, was written by my friend, whom I revere deeply, Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst, of Belfast, Ireland. It might interest you to know as well, that while my sister and I visited in his home, we made a recording together, and his daughter, who lives in London, made a recording with Dr. Frazer-Hurst, of readings from Shakespeare. They are unusually and remarkably excellent. Recently I received from Dr. Frazer-Hurst one of these recordings, and it was with almost indescribable joy that I played the record on my own recorder and had my Study filled with the melodious voices of Dr. Frazer-Hurst and his daughter. They interpret Shakespeare as few readers I have ever heard. Either one could have had a distinguished career in the theatre.

I hope Dr. Argow and Dr. Frazer-Hurst will accept my apologies.

* * *

There have been so many experiences which I have had recently, that I almost wish I had this whole number in which to tell you about them. It would take the entire issue to do so adequately. Still lingering with me is the experience which I had in my home-village of Linden, Michigan.

I was invited by the Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Linden, the Reverend Robert McComb, and his Session, to participate in the 100th Anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church of Linden, Michigan. The church had been holding several months of Anniversary events. I accepted the invitation gladly, for it was my boyhood church, the first church I ever attended and in which I preached for the first time in my life.

My sister and I arrived home from Europe just two days before the great event. There we were joined by Mrs. Bradley, who drove over 800 miles from our Island home at Lake Vermillion, Tower, Minnesota. The weather was most kind. I was awake at dawn, and in the quiet of the village my memory went back across my boyhood Sundays. We slept in the house in which

I was born and which is now the home of my sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson.

On arriving at the church we were most agreeably surprised to find the church packed to overflowing, and people standing in the churchyard. It was necessary to hold two services and I preached twice on that Sunday morning. There are many, many changes in the church from the old church I knew. The interior has been completely done over and, in keeping with the trend in modern ecclesiastical architecture, a chancel has been installed, choir stalls facing each other have been added, and a lectern on one side and a pulpit on the other, until the atmosphere of worship is quite different than it was when we had the old golden oak pulpit in the center of a raised platform, with the choir on one side and the old foot-pedaled organ on the other. By contemporary standards the old church had little beauty, but those of us who knew it and who loved it were not aware of any other worship environment. A commodious and much needed Pastor's Study and Vestry have been constructed back of the pulpit, and the basement has been turned into a modern dining room and classrooms. Were my father and mother or any of the old members and founders of the church to return, they would recognize it only from the exterior and the steeple. The exterior is in the tradition of the Colonial white church and is of excellent proportions. Nothing has happened to that and I hope nothing ever will, for there is no more stately, ecclesiastical architecture than the traditional Georgian style.

As I faced those two congregations on this memorable Sunday morning, it was difficult to see the people to whom I was preaching, for in my vision were the faces of the old, old friends, neighbors and loved ones, all of whom have been translated to the Church Triumphant. The only people in the congregation who knew me were my contemporaries. All the people who were middle-aged or old in my childhood have long since ceased to walk the earth. Obviously my sermon could not help but be impregnated with experiences and events of my own youth.

I shall never forget the presence of many members of our Chicago church, who drove more than 250 miles to attend the service. There were members of the choir who came:—Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the Ministers of Music in our church, participated in the music service. Several carloads drove from the City of Detroit, and many were present from surrounding villages and cities. I look back upon that day as one of the great days of my life.

At the close of the day we gathered on the land on the banks of the millpond which I knew and loved as a child, at the home of my niece, Mrs. Al Lind, who with Mr. Lind, entertained with great hospitality. From there we went to the home of Mrs. E. Judson, the mother of my sister's husband, who has a cottage on the shores of Lake Fenton. There a family gathering took place.

Early next morning June and I left for the 800-mile drive to our little Island in the North Country.

* * *

In early autumn I had the opportunity of giving the opening sermon at the religious service held at the opening of the great Indiana State Fair in the City of Indianapolis. This is unique in the State Fairs of the nation, but on the first Sunday of the Fair every year, a great religious service is held in the auditorium, in which the young people of the State, members of 4-H and Future Farmers of America conduct the service.

The minister who preaches the ser-

mon is usually an outside clergyman. This year I was that clergyman. On hearing of my attending, the Governor of Indiana, Gov. Harold W. Handley and Mrs. Handley invited June and me to be their guests at the Governor's Mansion for the occasion. We accepted gladly, because Governor and Mrs. Handley have been radio listeners of mine for many years and when they are in Chicago on a Sunday they always attend our services.

We drove from Chicago to Indianapolis and arrived on Saturday afternoon at the Mansion. I remained there Saturday evening, but the Governor and his family took June to a dinner and reception at which the guests were Tennessee Ernie Ford and other distinguished members of radio and television, who were to be at the State Fair. This opportunity to meet them I did not accept because I wanted to do some work on Saturday evening and so I remained at the Mansion.

The service was held the next morning in the auditorium and was attended by 8,000 people. Miss Joan Rahe, of Shelby County, presided and Dr. Albert P. Stewart, of Purdue University, was director of the unusual musical program. John L. Kellam, of Henry County, Bill McKinsey, of Clinton County, Janice Rumph, of Dearborn County, and Gary Thompson, of Clinton County, conducted the service. This Eleventh Annual Hour of Worship was under the leadership of Dean L. Butz, as Chairman, Mrs. Ida E. Wright and Carl Bowman, of the Indiana State Fair Board and F. L. McReynolds, Coordinator, 4-H and Rural Youth Department, of Purdue University.

It was an inspiring occasion for me and I spoke on the subject "Design For Inner Peace." I wonder why more State Fairs throughout the nation do not have this kind of service. It was one of the largest visible congregations to which I have ever preached, and the inspiration of that hour will never leave me.

* * *

Recently I have been doing considerable extensive traveling and have been speaking to Teacher's Institutes and also to State Conventions of Boards of Realtors. I had the opportunity of speaking to the Wyoming Association, in a great convention in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and also in Colorado Springs, Colorado. I have found these conventions to be composed of men and women who represent fine leadership in their various cities and communities in many areas of civic importance.

This is the third time I have spoken for the Colorado Association and it is now, as I return, more of a reunion. It is always a pleasant experience to visit Colorado, and Colorado Springs is one of my favorite cities, as the Broadmoor Hotel is one of my favorite hotels in this country.

If I were to mention all the names of the Colorado Association who are my friends and who mean much to me, it would fill this page, but I must mention the Executive Vice President, Mr. Phil E. Berg, one of the finest men I know. Mr. Berg's lovely daughter accompanied my final benediction at this occasion, on the organ. She is a young lady of winsome personality, and I know she will have a great career as a musician. The reception I had and the hospitality extended to me increases my affection for a great State and a great organization of great hearts. Immediately at the conclusion of my address it was necessary to drive 80 miles to Denver in order to get back to Chicago to keep another engagement. Mr. Henry Lay, prominent realtor of Denver, drove me to the depot

in Denver. His kindness will never be forgotten.

* * *

The Wyoming experience was similar, where I addressed their 8th Annual Convention and where the same type of friendliness and hospitality was given me. The President of the Wyoming Association, Mr. Frank McCue, is well known throughout the State and has brought dignity to the profession of being a realtor. It has been the object of the Association of Real Estate Boards of the nation and of the various states to weed out the high-pressure type of activity in real estate operations and to make it necessary for every person who becomes a realtor to practice the ethics of the association. My appearance as a speaker at National Association meetings and the various state meetings is always an experience to which I look forward with inspiration.

* * *

Of all the speaking I do as an extra-curricular activity from my own pulpit, I enjoy greatly my opportunity of speaking to the teachers of the various states and communities. This fall I have been unusually busy in that field. One of the large groups I addressed was the Western meeting of the National Education Association, which is composed of teachers from many counties in the western part of the State of Illinois. The session was held at Galesburg and more than 1500 teachers attended. I have some very pronounced convictions about teaching and as I discuss them with the teachers I am privileged to address, I am encouraged by the response which they give me. Some of my ideas in this matter are quite different from the conventional thinking about teaching. I think what a teacher is as a person is vastly more important to the education of a child than any subject they teach.

I always enjoy going to Galesburg because of two reasons. First, it is the home of Knox College, one of the great colleges of this country. I think that our colleges and universities are growing altogether too large for meeting the real purposes of education. To me, the smaller colleges are doing a much better job than some of the great universities. Institutions like Carlton College, Dartmouth College, Lake Forest College, Knox College and many others I could mention are, from my point of view, much better places for the young man or young woman out of high school than the great universities.

The other reason I enjoy going to Galesburg is that it was the home of Carl Sandburg, and the house in which he was born in Galesburg is preserved as a historical place. I have known Carl Sandburg for over forty years and I was honored by being invited to the celebration of his 70th birthday. I see him occasionally and always with delight. The last time was when I sat with him and Adlai Stevenson at the opening performance of "An Evening With Carl Sandburg," given here in our Civic Theatre.

I always go to the Greater Hotel Custer when I visit Galesburg, and I was thrilled when I was shown to my room on arrival to note that I had been given the Carl Sandburg suite in that interesting, comfortable, hospitable hotel. I slept in that suite, surrounded by mementos, books, the old guitar case and many other things identified with Carl Sandburg. The suite is furnished in furniture of the period and one steps from a modern hotel into a suite which belongs to another period in the life of the city. Here one feels the presence of one of the greatest poets in our literature. I was welcomed

most graciously by the manager of the hotel, and also an old friend, Mr. Schimmel, who is a member of the Schimmel Hotel chain.

* * *

I wish I had more space to tell you about many of the other interesting experiences of the month, but my space is gone.

Every day during the month of November I try to write a letter which expresses my gratitude to someone for their friendship and for what they mean to me. Did you ever try that? You will have some interesting reactions.

We will hold our regular Community Thanksgiving Service on Thanksgiving morning at 11 o'clock. I know with many it means a day in which the morning is spent in preparing a Thanksgiving dinner, but why not take one hour out in the middle of the morning and invite your friends and guests and let us share together in the beauty of the day our traditional and always inspiring Thanksgiving service.

* * *

On Sunday evening, November 20th, if you will watch "This Is Your Life" program, which is devoted that evening to the life of Archbishop Bernard J. Sheil, you will hear me pay him tribute. I was honored in being invited to represent the Protestants of Chicago on this program.

Mr. Ralph Edwards is one of the most delightful people I have ever met. I enjoyed doing the program very much. I shared with Rabbi Louis L. Mann the honor of extending to the Archbishop our appreciation for his contribution to the field of human relations in our city.

* * *

We are already over the threshold of the Christmas Season. Do not delay with Christmas preparations so that the beauty of it is lost in the hectic rush of the last few days before Christmas.

With appreciation for your letters, for your individual interest and attendance at the services, and for all you mean to me.

Keep looking up!

"HOW ARE YOUR INVESTMENTS?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

OCTOBER 2, 1960

THE central thought of the sermon this morning was given to me quite recently by a very old lady, but a lady of great culture and great refinement. This old lady invited me to come and see her because she was facing a decision. She had left out of a series of disastrous investments, and other unfortunate circumstances, about five thousand dollars. Her life expectancy would use that up, at her present rate of living, within a very short time and she would be, as she felt, desperately in need. She had an opportunity to enter one of these many homes that we have in our city whereby if you assign all that you have over to the home, the home guarantees to take care of you the rest of your life, everyone of your needs to be met. She wanted to decide whether she should take the remnant of her money, put it into this home and be assured of a home, medical care, health attention,

with a little spending money which would be quite adequate for her and her needs.

We sat down together and discussed the proposition. I found out the home that she had in mind, and how far she had gone in arranging the details for entering the home, but in that conversation she said something to me that immediately struck the very depths of my being, for after we had finished our conversation and had come to the conclusion of all that we had to say to each other, she walked to the door with me and as I shook hands with her to say goodbye she said to me: "You know, Dr. Bradley, my life has been an investment!" I couldn't help but want to ask her what she meant, and I did, and it introduced another conversation and I went back and sat down with her again for nearly another hour after she had said to me: "My life has been an investment!"

I said to her: "What do you mean by that, when you say 'Your life has been an investment'? What do you mean?" "Well," she said, "I've come up very close to the end of life, facing the anxiety and worry of an economic situation, but when I look back through the years and see the investments I have made with my money I can enter into whatever there is ahead of me with quietness, with dignity and with appreciation!" And I said, "Tell me what you mean by this!" I thought she was talking about stocks and bonds. Whenever you talk about investments you usually talk about stocks and bonds, I guess; I know very little about it, but it's always "Should I buy this stock or should I buy that?", or "The stock market is going down!", and "What does it all mean?", and we're all thinking in terms of money investments.

Well, she said, "I suppose if I hadn't taken those two trips around the world I wouldn't have any worry now! I could have saved my money and invested it, but," she said, "I invested it! I suppose if I hadn't spent that summer down in the beauty of the Maine coast I would have a little more money than I've got today! I suppose if I hadn't helped those two fine grandsons of mine to get an education, (and I've got one of them now who's one of the most honored practicing physicians in the City of Wichita, Kansas), if I hadn't helped him through college and medical school I'd have more money today than I've got! And," she said, "If I hadn't helped my husband's brother, who had a large family, when illness struck and they were in deep trouble, deep economic conditions, and I helped them out, I suppose I'd have more money than I've got today! If I hadn't made that cathedral tour of England, in which I spent six weeks once visiting every cathedral in all England! And," she said, "I love cathedrals, and I spent three and four days in every cathedral town in the country of England!" She said, "I stood and looked at that great cathedral, that beautiful cathedral there in Salisbury!" And she said, "I just loved the cathedrals of Europe! If I hadn't done that I would have three or four thousand dollars more than I've got now!" She went on with a whole series of how she had spent her money, which she called "investments!"

Now some of you people here today and listening who are thinking of investments only in terms of the stock market or what you can "own" or business, or something to do with the economy of things, well that woman gave me a sermon, she gave me a whole series of sermons: "My life has been an investment!" And she said, "You know, I can sit in my room in that home, I can have my books around me, I can have my pictures, and I can go

back and relive every experience of this life in the 'investments' I have made! I will never forget the moment," she said, "when I tramped up the stairs of the Louvre in the City of Paris and looked into the face of the Mona Lisa for the first time! I've seen the Mona Lisa! I've seen the Mona Lisa," she said, and her face brightened! "I invested in the Mona Lisa. That's one of my 'investments!' And," she said, "I love the theater! During my lifetime I've had the money and I have gone to the theater. I have seen the Passion Play at Oberammergau twice! Twenty years apart!" She said: "I invested in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and," she said, "I've gone three times up the fjords of Norway, way up to the land of the midnight sun, and I have stood on a little steamer and seen those great walls, those solid walls, solid rock, that I could almost touch in the beauty of Norway! And," she said, "I have sat for three days in the Thorwaldsen Museum in the City of Copenhagen," (that beautiful little country of Denmark whose king and queen, honored and beloved by every Dane of every political philosophy, will be in our city this week visiting us); and," she said, "I have stood in the presence of the 'Winged Victory' in the great and beautiful City of Florence. I have seen the greatest paintings of Michelangelo! I've stood under St. Peter's and looked up and have seen the beauty created by Michelangelo!" She said, "Why, Dr. Bradley, I have made some beautiful and wonderful 'investments!' I have invested my money in the things that thieves cannot break through and steal; I have invested my money in the great cultural and spiritual moments of my life that nothing can take away from me and, even though I'm down to the last five thousand dollars, Dr. Bradley, I'm the richest woman you know!"

Investments! And when you see the rat race of our contemporary world that is turning fine characters into walking specimens of devitalized nerves, twisted consciences, anxieties, to "keep up with the Joneses" and all the great clash and clatter of our modern world, what a refreshing thing it is (it's like the first warm breath of Spring) to meet one who has invested in the beautiful things of life: love, family, friends, helping a poor person, helping a young person get an education! Living life for someone else—there is no greater investment that any man can make! And in the afterglow of life, when the shadows of one's own life lengthen, it will be these "investments" that will pay the biggest dividends, the biggest dividends!

Life, as an "investment!" When I think of all the raucous voices of our modern world, the prattling idiocies of dictators and tyrants, all of which is revealing their true character—I wish Mr. Khrushchev would speak every day in the United Nations; I wish Mr. Castro would come back tomorrow, for the more they speak, the more they reveal themselves, and the more the world knows their true character! For their investments are "investments" of self-interest, of personal ambitions, and the investment of pride and power! They are poor! The richest man can be the poorest, and the poorest man can be the richest, and sometimes (I have known examples of this) the richest man was really the richest man for he shared his good fortune with the less fortunate! That's making an "investment" out of life.

One of the saddest characters in human history is the character of that little man with the funny little curl in

(*Continued on page* 13)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

MANY of you I know have had the opportunity of traveling in England. If you have I think you have been impressed with the fact that the most common expression on the lips of everyone you meet is "Thank you very much!" You give your hat to a checkroom attendant in the hotel and he'll say "Thank you very much." They're always thanking you—you never get a chance to say "Thank you." No matter what you do, they just thank you for it.

I was thinking about this in connection with Thanksgiving. I wish we had more of that spirit at home. I wish we had more people who knew how to say "Thank you," instead of so many people who take for granted everything that's done for them, as though they were entitled to it.

Have you ever stopped to think of the people in your life to whom you are eternally indebted? To whom you owe something you will never be able to repay? Someone who has come into your life and influenced it? Who has helped you? Think of the people who have helped, inspired and encouraged you.

How long has it been since you have let them know you appreciated it? Are you taking them for granted? One of the loveliest experiences I ever had in my life was the influence over my life of the first teacher I ever had when I was a boy; and I went with that teacher right through the seventh grade. I thought at times she was very cruel and unfair and unjust. But later on in life, when I was battling away with this experience of life, I realized what that teacher had done for me. And in all the years, and many, many of them had passed, I had never told her so.

One day I sat down in my Study and I wrote her a letter. She was still living—an old lady. I tried to pour out my heart to her—my teacher when I was a little boy. And the letter I received from her is one of the most priceless things I possess. She said: Dear Preston: No one ever told me before that I was appreciated. You're the only student who ever wrote to me in later life and told me how much I meant to them! I shall love you always for your gratitude! That's Thanksgiving!

"HOW ARE YOUR INVESTMENTS?"

(*Continued from page* 11)

his forehead standing at the rail of a British frigate watching the shores of his receding France, lost in the fog, and realizing that his dream of an empire was shattered and the idol had toppled: Napoleon! Why did Napoleon fail? For one simple reason: he had no great principles to stand by! And people always fail when they have no great principles to stand by!

Now, may each one of us search our lives and ask ourselves, "What are we doing with our money; what are we striving for; what does it all mean? Is it bringing that inner quiet, that inner glow, which comes to a good custodian and trustee?" Help us to make life a great investment!

MARCEL MARCEAU A GODFATHER

DR. BRADLEY had an interesting christening after the service on Sunday morning, October 16th.

The baby was Garance LeBrun Wimmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Wimmer; and the interesting Godfather was Marcel Marceau, world famous pantomimist, who, with his Compagnie de Mime, was in Chicago for a three-weeks' engagement at the Blackstone Theatre.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY OF CHICAGO

(From the July, 1960 Person-to-Person column of "Evansville Unitarian")

THIS morning in the heart of New York City I spent a half hour with Dr. Preston Bradley of Chicago. He is the pastor of Peoples Church of Chicago. He is easily the Number One clergyman of any faith in Chicago—not excluding the Roman Catholic Cardinal. And Dr. Bradley is very much a Unitarian.

It has been my good fortune to know Dr. Bradley ever since I was a student at Meadville Theological School in 1941. We Unitarian students would visit Peoples Church on occasion to observe "the biggest Unitarian church in the world." After graduation, I spent five years as executive secretary of the Chicago Council Against Discrimination, of which Dr. Bradley and Bishop Bernard J. Sheil were co-chairmen. In this capacity I was in many a civic battle on Dr. Bradley's side. During the eleven years I was minister of the Unitarian Church of Evanston, Dr. Bradley and I were close colleagues with geographically adjacent Unitarian parishes.

Dr. Bradley has been pastor of the Peoples Church for 48 years. He is confidently looking forward to his 50th anniversary in the ministry. I remember well the great civic receptions

commemorating his 40th and 45th anniversaries. He built Peoples Church from an idea into a great institution. In the process his sermons became the oldest continuous radio broadcasts in America. In addition he has often broadcast commercially and is a sought-after public speaker for business conventions, commencements, and religious meetings of all faiths.

Dr. Bradley was in New York getting ready to sail on the Queen Mary for his annual summer trip to Europe. He manages to preach in half a dozen liberal churches and to pick up enough fresh ideas for another year of sermons.

Some Chicago Unitarians are apt to frown on Dr. Bradley and his church for not being "typically Unitarian." I don't know what typically Unitarian is. I do know that Preston Bradley has a higher batting average for theological and social liberalism than any liberal clergyman in the Chicago area. He may be a friend to Presidents, but he is also liked by the people. Indeed, in my work in Chicago over 18 years I found doors open to me wherever I went if I so much as suggested that I was a friend of Dr. Bradley. I cherish the fact that I am.

Homer A. Jack

BOOK CHATS

C. S. LEWIS, author of "The Screwtape Letters," has written *The Four Loves,* published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. In his introduction, the author concludes that "we must join neither the idolaters nor the 'debunkers' of human love. Idolatry both of erotic love and of 'the domestic affections' was the great error of nineteenth-century literature. Browning, Kingsley, and Patmore sometimes talk as if they thought that falling in love was the same thing as sanctification; the novelists habitually oppose to 'the World' not the Kingdom of Heaven but the home. We live in the reaction against this. The debunkers stigmatize as slush and sentimentality a very great deal of what their fathers said in praise of love. They are always pulling up and exposing the grubby roots of our natural loves. But I take it we must listen neither 'to the over-wise nor to the over-foolish giant.' The highest does not stand without the lowest. A plant must have roots below as well as sunlight above and roots must be grubby. Much of the grubbiness is clean dirt if only you will leave it in the garden and not keep on sprinkling it over the library table. The human loves can be glorious images of Divine love. No less than that: but also no more—proximities of likeness which in one instance may help, and in another may hinder, proximity of approach. Sometimes perhaps they have not very much to do with it either way." There are chapters on "Likings and Loves for the Sub-human:" — "Affection;" — "Friendship;" — "Eros;" — and "Charity."

These chapters are very penetrating essays on four kinds of love. They are incisive and brilliant.

Mr. Lewis was born in Belfast, northern Ireland, in 1898. Following his youth and early education, which he poignantly recounts in *Surprised by Joy,* he entered Oxford University in 1917; before the end of the term enlist-

ed in the British Army; was commissioned a second lieutenant, served in France, where he was wounded. He returned to Oxford at the end of the war, first as student and then as teacher. At present he holds the Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge University. He has played a rich part in both the intellectual and scholarly life of England, because of his captivatingly original mind and his brilliant style, which have established him on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the most celebrated writers of our time. He is the author of more than a score of books, among them *The Screwtape Letters, Till We Have Faces, Reflections on the Psalms,* and *The World's Last Night.*

* * *

Holt, Rinehart and Winston have published *The Public Years,* the autobiagraphy of Bernard M. Baruch. This book he has dedicated to his children. This is the second and final volume of Mr. Baruch's memoirs, in which he recalls the exciting role he played for nearly fifty years in national and international affairs. He begins this book with his departure from Wall Street, after an astounding career in finance, to enter public life. He tells of his problems as Chairman of the War Industries Board during World War One, and of his role as an adviser to Woodrow Wilson in the shaping of the Treaty of Versailles. He describes the political wars of the 1920's and discusses with candor the prominent personalities of that time.

Of great interest are Mr. Baruch's observations on the stock market crash of 1929, the great depression and the New Deal. With the perspective gained from deep experience in social and economic affairs, he analyzes the changes in American life accompanying the decline of laissez faire. He is here, and elsewhere in the book, concerned with mistakes as well as achievements, and with parallels between the present and the past.

In the tumultuous years since he first entered public life, Bernard Baruch has been intimately involved with most of the crucial issues of our time. In the 1930's he was among the first to attempt to awaken America to the threat of war, as Germany's power grew. During the Second World War he was instrumental in guiding our program for defense. After the war, as American representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, he presented this nation's plan for atomic control.

In discussing the momentous developments of this century, Mr. Baruch draws revealing portraits of many of the famous men he has known; men whose influence helped shape our world: Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Coolidge and Hoover; Winston Churchill and F. D. R.; Truman and Eisenhower. These are but a few of the major figures who appear in *The Public Years,* an absorbing memoir that is rich in detail, candid and profound.

* * *

Doubleday & Company have just published *An American Dialogue,* by Robert McAfee Brown and Gustave Weigel, S. J., in which a Protestant looks at Catholicism and a Catholic looks at Protestantism, with a Foreword by Will Herberg.

Robert McAfee Brown, Auburn Professor of Systematic Theology at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, was born in Illinois; graduated from Amherst College and received his B.D. at Union and his Ph.D. at Columbia University. A chaplain on a transport in the Pacific Theatre during World War II, Dr. Brown taught at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minne-

sota, before moving to Union. While in St. Paul, he worked for the election of Representative (now Senator) Eugene McCarthy. He is the author of three books and has written for magazines as diverse as "Presbyterian Life" and "The New Yorker."

Gustave Weigel, S.J., is Professor of Ecclesiology at Maryland's Woodstock College School of Divinity. Born in Buffalo, New York, he attended Woodstock before going to the Gregorian University in Rome, where he received his Ph.D. and S.T.D. degrees. For eleven years a professor at the Catholic University of Chile in South America, he is the author of "A Survey of Protestant Theology in Our Time" and five other books. Father Weigel is an honored lecturer at Catholic and non-Catholic universities in this country and abroad. In this capacity he has visited schools such as Georgetown, Stanford, Vanderbilt, Johns Hopkins, and Wisconsin.

Will Herberg says in his foreword to the book, "To have in one volume, addressed to each other, an essay by Gustave Weigel on Protestantism and another by Robert McAfee Brown on Catholicism is itself a major event in American religious life, and a convincing sign that we are really beginning to emerge from the intellectual parochialism and self-isolation that has hitherto been so characteristic of American religious pluralism."

Will Herberg tells us that just about thirty years ago, André Siegfried described Protestantism as America's "national religion," and he was largely right, despite the ban on religious establishment in the Constitution. Normally, to be born an American meant to be a Protestant; this was the religious identification that quite naturally went along with being an American. Non-Protestants felt the force of this conviction almost as strongly as did the Protestants; Catholics and Jews, despite their vastly increasing numbers, experienced their non-Protestant religion as a problem, as a mark of their foreignness, as an evidence that they were not really and truly American. In a very significant sense, Protestantism —not any of the multiplying denominations, but Protestantism as a whole —constituted America's "established church."

Herberg continues: "This is no longer the case. Today, to be born an American is no longer taken to mean that one is necessarily a Protestant; Protestantism is no longer the obvious and 'natural' religious identification of the American. Today, the evidence strongly suggests, America has become a three-religion country: the normal religious implication of being an American today is that one is either a Protestant, a Catholic, or a Jew. These three are felt to be, by and large, three different forms of being religious in the American way."

". . . The impermeability to religious communication which has so largely characterized the American three-religion pluralism has been ruptured at many points, and the beginnings of conversation initiated in books, publications, and face-to-face conferences."

". . . Perhaps no two men could be found in this country better qualified for this task. Both are theologians of great distinction, and both have a sharp eye for social and cultural reality. Each is well acquainted with the community he is writing about, and each is truly capable of the sympathetic understanding of a religious way not his own that makes religious dialogue possible. The subtle interplay of historical, sociological, and theological factors that marks the thinking of both of these men endows their comments with a multi-dimensional reality that alone can do justice to religion."

"This volume, of course, has its special interest in a Presidential year marked by a sudden flare-up of religious controversy. But this interest, though real, is surely no more than secondary. The true significance of this volume is to be measured by how well it articulates and carries forward the great 'American dialogue' that both religion and democracy, each in its own way, require for the actualization of its reality and promise."

In Part I of *An American Dialogue* Robert McAfee Brown "Looks at Catholicism" through the eyes of his Protestantism:

"When I was a graduate student in theology, I once developed such a head of steam over the activities of a certain Roman Catholic prelate who shall remain nameless, that I finally exploded with a blistery and self-righteous editorial—a kind of three-page Manifesto to The West, as I recall it—denouncing the whole Catholic Church and urging The West to realize that its ultimate foe was located not in Moscow but in Rome. Wiser and cooler heads prevailed upon me not to publish it, and it went the way all such manifestos should—from filing cabinet to wastebasket to city dump."

He then tells us that since that time he has been trying to understand Catholicism, rather than merely examining it for ammunition; and that while he cannot accept it, he can understand how and why a man other than himself could accept it.

In Part II, Gustave Weigel, S.J., "Looks at Protestantism." He tells us that "A Catholic in Southern Italy may have strange notions about Protestants because he has never seen one and any idea he has about them will derive from the preaching of his parish priest who himself knows little about the subject. For the priest Protestantism is something bad and for the layman it is something vague and alien." He then explains why a Catholic in England or America can hardly react in the same fashion.

"Once I began the study of theology, Protestantism began to take on meaning in a more vital way. But as I met it, the main concern was the theology of the Reformers of the sixteenth century. Modern Protestants confused me because they did not seem to be in the same line of thought as Luther and Calvin. The liberal theologians did not even sound like Christians, and the fundamentalists sounded bizarre. Yet my curiosity was strongly aroused and I began to study the Protestant reality with diligence."

It would seem that, from the manner of beginning of Part I and Part II it could not help but be enlightening to read both parts. Certainly if the Catholic's or the Protestant's religion means anything to him it all, it will stand up under the onslaught of either section of the book, and when he has finished a careful reading he will know better how to understand his brother of another faith and his brother American. He will without a question remain on his own side of the fence when he has finished, but he will no doubt be a more understanding friend of his neighbor on the other side.

* * *

For those who are devotees of the mystery story, The Vanguard Press has published *A Noble Profession,* by Pierre Boulle, the author of "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." In *The Noble Profession* the action revolves around Cousin—an "intellectual" author who prides himself on his own objectivity but who actually sees the world through the dreams of his own imagined superiority. The author, Pierre Boulle, probes with a sharp

scalpel the psychological anatomy of a spy.

* * *

Mistress of Mellyn, published by Doubleday & Company, is a romantic novel of suspense by Victoria Holt.

* * *

For the reader of historical novels, Doubleday has published *The Yankee from Tennessee,* by Noel B. Gerson. This is a biographical novel about Andrew Johnson, our seventeenth president. The publishers say: "For many decades Andrew Johnson was half-forgotten because, luckily for him but unfortunately for his reputation, he lived in the shadow of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, Abraham Lincoln, and, after assuming the Presidency, tried faithfully to carry out Lincoln's plans and policies. Time, however, has gradually created a new perspective, and today, as the United States look back more than one hundred years to its most tragic era, Johnson finally emerges as a man of considerable stature in his own right."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

I HAVE been spending several evenings copying my hastily written logbook, with brief notes about my "51 days abroad" and am amazed to discover I stopped in fifteen different hotels, at one of which I described the desk clerk as looking like Moses and the maid as being of the severe old-maid variety who, on the day of my departure had my baggage down in the lobby an hour before "check-out" time, with my tooth brush and face cloth laid on top of them (as I had left these out to dry and had returned in plenty of time to have placed them inside the bags.) This was a small hotel in Stockholm and was in a very convenient location for sightseeing and shopping and was an imposing looking edifice outside. All in all it had served me well and conveniently, so I forgave both Moses and the old maid. At the Fretheim Hotel in Flam, Norway, the bookkeeper had undercharged me. I had had a luncheon at the hotel for which no charge had been made. I called their attention to this and they were very grateful. I thought this might help to off-set any American tourist who might not have been a good ambassador for America. This was a pleasant, friendly little hotel on the Aurland Fjord. They laundered a nightgown for me and made no charge. I can't imagine a hotel in the Rocky Mountain region doing the same.

Should any of our Irish friends who read this article have immigrated to this country from southern Ireland, they will listen with pleasure to the names of some of the towns we went through on the Ring of Kerry Tour in southwest Ireland: From Killarney via Killorglin, Waterville, Parknasilla, Kenmare, and Glenbeigh, having lunch at the Glenbeigh Hotel and returning to the Great Southern Hotel at Killarney, where we stayed for three nights. We also took a Jaunting Car trip through the National Memorial

Park, entering at Muckross, not far from Killarney and circling around the Killarney Lakes, lower, middle and upper lake. Along the lower lake are the ruins of Muckross Abbey, which was founded by Donal McCarthy Mor and occupied by Franciscans in 1448. It came into secular hands in 1595, but the friars returned and completed a restoration in 1626. Final destruction came when the Abbey was burned by the Cromwellian General Ludlow in 1652. This is one of the best preserved ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland, and it contains the tombs of its founder and other chieftans of the McCarthy, O'Donoghue and O'Sullivan clans, as well as the graves of the Kerry poets. The park, consisting of 10,000 acres, was given to the Irish government by Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn, of California, and their son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Vincent. This was a truly beautiful drive, with banks of yellow Roses of Sharon at the roadside, and ferns and bracken in abundance among the trees. The copper Beech trees against the background of big pines made a charming contrast.

I see from my notes that I had a difficult time getting a glass of water to drink at meals, or anything at all to drink in fact, for coffee was always served in the lounge afterward.

From Killarney to Cork we went through Kenmare again, then Glengariff and Inchigeela. From Cork we went across southern Ireland via Lismore and Waterford to Wexford, a delightful fishing village, where we stayed overnight at the Talbot Hotel. We went down to the harbor and saw them unload crates of salmon from a picturesque trawler which had been out three days and nights on a fishing trip.

I was interested in seeing at Wexford a monument down at the Crescent Quay, surmounted by a bronze figure of Commodore John Barry (born in Wexford) who had command of the "Lexington" in the American Revolution. An inscription on the monument states that he fired the last shot in the Revolution in 1783 and that he was founder of the U.S. Navy. The monument was presented to Wexford by the United States in 1956, and John Barry is buried in Philadelphia, Pa.

Wexford, by the way, is on the coast at the Southwest corner of Ireland, where Saint George's Channel meets the Irish Sea; and from here we went straight north, via Arklow, Glendalough, Bray, and Dun Laoghaire, to Dublin.

Glendalough is one of the beauty spots of Wicklow County and of interest because of the ruins of the Seven Churches of St. Kevin. We went through the ancient gateway to the city, the entrance gates being the only kind surviving in Ireland. St. Kevin was born in 500 A.D. six miles south of Wicklow. In the year 530 he shut himself up in the hollow of a tree to be secure from human gaze, but was brought back to Kilnamanagh to study. He built a great monastery, which he committed to the hands of proper men and shut himself up in a little dwelling between the mountains, ordering none to come near him and lived alone there for seven years. He brought Christianity to the pagans of the time and designed a Christian cross in which he combined a round design with the cross, because the pagans had worshipped the sun and by combining this design into the Christian cross he felt it would be easier to get the people to accept Christianity. At the ruins also is a round tower—a kind of tower peculiar to Ireland, of which only a few remain. It is 103 feet high and 52 feet in circumference and the door is ten feet from the ground. At the top are windows facing the four cardinal

points, and there are windows which would afford light to seven stories, and marks of beams indicating there were formerly floors to the tower. Always found near churches or monasteries, it is accepted now that those Round Towers, believed to have been built about the 9th century, and peculiar to Ireland, were employed as watch towers, belfries and places of refuge. Inside near the door was a certain stone which, if a refugee could touch he could claim the protection of sanctuary from summary punishment. It is supposed a rope would be let down from the doorway (which was ten feet above the ground) and then when the entrant was inside, the rope would be pulled up. Nearby is the tiny St. Mary's church, the oldest in this part of the valley. The upper lake is beautiful, with mountains completely circling it. Of course there are innumerable legends connected with the life of St. Kevin. It is thought that from about 875 A.D., when the Danish raiders suffered several severe defeats, over a period of forty years, most of the Round Towers were built, and then in 1014, the Abbots and Bishops set about erecting many more, introducing traces of that particular Romanesque style of architecture which began to appear in Irish churches.

It was in this neighborhood that we passed the little town of Tara, where we could see only one tiny house and one small schoolhouse, which the guide said was a schoolhouse for just one family. But he said seven Bishops were educated there. We were busily thinking of ecclesiastical Bishops, when he added: Paddy, Michael, Frances, Kevin, Joseph, Timothy and Kate Bishop.

I stayed at the Royal Hibernian Hotel in Dublin and went one evening to the old Queen's Theatre (a terribly old and dirty theatre, which looks as though it should have been torn down long ago) to hear the Abbey Theatre Players in "The Money Doesn't Matter," by Louis D'Alton. The play and the players were excellent and I thoroughly enjoyed the evening. I should have! I had fifth row center for the equivalent of 90 cents. The Abbey Theatre was undergoing repairs, which was the reason for the play being given in the Queen's Theatre. Also while in Dublin I went on another evening to the Gaiety Theatre and enjoyed Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. I had never heard this light opera before and it was most enjoyable; good singing, fine costuming and humorous;—a good company.

Sunday morning I attended the morning service at First Unitarian Church, where Dr. Bradley was to preach a couple of weeks later. I heard the Rev. E. Savell Hicks give a very fine sermon and met him afterward. This church is located at Stephen's Green, a lovely park, where I took some pictures after the church service. I was very sorry to hear that Mrs. Hicks had been quite ill, and they were obliged because of her illness to give up their residence at "Strawberry Hill," where Dr. Bradley has visited them on previous summers. That evening I left for Belfast and a visit with the Rev. John and Doris McCleery.

* * *

From Purdue University, came this sincere letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The message you gave at the Hour of Worship at the Indiana State Fair last Sunday (Sept. 4) was truly a powerful one.

All of us appreciate so very much your taking time from your busy schedule to meet with our young men

and women at the Fair, their parents and friends, and to inspire them as you did last Sunday.

Your philosophy and the message you have is one that should be preached from every hilltop in this country. My prayer is that the Lord will give you strength and endurance to continue proclaiming this message all over the country. We all need it.

We also appreciate so much your taking time to have dinner with the State Fair Girls' School Sunday noon, and to give the short inspirational message you did there.

We must plan for you to appear before a Purdue University group some of these months.

With every good wish to you and Mrs. Bradley, I am

Sincerely yours,
Earl L. Butz, Dean

* * *

From Crown Point, Indiana:
Dear Doctor Bradley:

Last evening (June 2nd) it was my privilege to attend the commencement at Elston High School in Michigan. My grandson, James R. Cowan, Jr., was one of the graduates. I was very happy when I found you to be the speaker. It was twenty-four years ago, in Lowell, Indiana, when his father, James R. Cowan, Sr., my son, graduated, and you were the speaker at this commencement too.

What a wonderful speaker you are. I enjoyed every minute of it and I just want to say what a wonderful man you are. You are so understanding toward race and religion. You must have helped an awful lot of people. If this world were made up of people like you it would not be like it is today.

You said last night you might be back in twenty years to Michigan City. May God bless and keep you well and able to do the good you are doing.

How proud your parents would be if they could hear you and know how much good you are doing!

Sincerely,
Mrs. Maude Cowan.

* * *

On stationery of The Colorado Association of Real Estate Boards is the following letter:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Few times in my life have I thrilled to the experience of seeing an expression of admiration and love such as poured from the hearts of my people when they saw and heard you again at our annual convention last Saturday noon.

Thank you for this. It made me feel that I was able to have some small part in bringing to them an unforgettable and lasting experience for good. They cannot but go home and think better and do better because for a moment they looked at something which touched their hearts with a spark of divinity. You made all of us both proud and humble. And to me you were over-kind.

Letters are already coming in to me from people who were present to thank me, and our Association for this great and fitting close to our 40th Annual Meeting. And to express their deep gratitude to Dr. Bradley. And I don't need to tell you how deeply I thrilled to hear my little daughter join you with her organ music for that wonderful benediction. You made our convention much, much more than a convention.

Come back again to Colorado! Come back to our Realtor Family!

Most sincerely,
Phil E. Berg,
Exec. Vice President.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER

1—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
2 Broadcast, WBKB-TV
4—Address, Indiana State Fair, Coliseum, Indianapolis, Ind.
Broadcast, WCFL
5—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
6—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
7—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
8—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Address, Chicago Police Fellowship Dinner, Grand Ballroom, Sherman Hotel
9—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Worked in Study
10—Address, Izaak Walton League of America, Convention Banquet, Sioux City, Iowa
11—Broadcast, WCFL
Attended Grace Morningside Methodist Church, Sioux City, Iowa
12—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Address, Wyoming Association of Real Estate Boards, Auditorium, Cheyenne, Wyoming
13—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
14—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Broadcast, WTMJ radio station, Interview with Esther Hutton, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Broadcast, WTMJ-TV, interview with Bob Reynolds. Johnny Desmond on program also, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Address, Wisconsin Nursing Homes Association, Hotel Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
15—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Address, Independent Radionic Workers, Zenith Radio Co. "23 Years of Progress"
16—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
17—Wedding
Sick calls
18—Opening sermon, 49th year, Peoples Church
Broadcast, WLS
Broadcast, WCFL
Address, Dinner for Milton H. Keller, Sovereign Hotel
19—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Address, PTA Maine Township High School
20—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Address, Borrowed Time Club, Covenant Methodist Church, Evanston, Illinois
Meeting, Boy Scouts' Council, Uptown Federal Savings
21—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Luncheon meeting, Mediterranean Council.
Meeting City Hall, United Nations Day Observance Committee
22—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Luncheon meeting, WBBM-TV
Conference on "I See Chicago" Film. Hale Nelson V.P. Ill. Bell Telephone Company, President
Address, Opening Dinner, Friends of Literature, Art Institute
23—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Funeral
Wedding
Sick calls
24—Worked in Study
25—Morning Service, Peoples Church
Broadcast, WLS
Christening
Wedding
Broadcast, WCFL
Address, Greater Bethesda Baptist Church
26—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Address, Opening Luncheon, Woman's Club, Holiday Lodge
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
27—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Luncheon, Chicago Athletic Club
Opening address, Men's Club, Peoples Church
28—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Heard Prime Minister MacMillan's speech in United Nations
29—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Sick and hospital calls
30—Broadcast, WBKB-TV
Luncheon, Grand Ballroom, Morrison Hotel, honoring Augustine Bowe.
Cut records for WCFL

FUNERALS

3—Mr. Hugh A. Ptolemy
6—Mrs. Nellie Madeline Jacobsen
23—Mr. Davis Mitchell

WEDDINGS

17—Mary Bishop and Dr. Ben Malik
23—Nydia M. Reyes and Dr. Michael H. Sigband
25—Lillith Pat Walker and Bradford Schmidt

CHRISTENINGS

25—Kent Joseph Turski, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Turski

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services, Broadcast by WLS..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services..... 7:00 p.m.

School of Religion, Anderson Hall,
All Classes Meet..... 9:45 a.m.
There will be instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. J. S. Kolinen, Superintendent.

Choir Rehearsal every Sunday, new members welcome..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club, Sec., Mabel Snively, BUckingham 1-0416
First and third Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Monday, Nov. 7th, Annual Donation Tea, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chrmn. Mrs. Curtis Proud, "Greece and Rome" with Colored Slides..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Nov. 21st, Music and Drama Dept., Mrs. George Hettinger, Chairman. Program: "Dramatic Interpretation" by Ann Birk Kuper. Hostesses: Mrs. Lou Hangel, Mrs. Carl E. Kimmel and Mrs. Fred Herrmann..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday afternoon, November 13, A Travelogue on Ireland, Scotland and Norway by Ethel Wells Smalley with colored slides. Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: November 22nd, Anderson Hall. Mr. John Nuveen, Investment Banker and former Chairman, Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and Foreign Administrator, will speak on "The Problem of Cuba"..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday..... 6:50 a.m.
WFMF, 100.3—Daily..... 11:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday..... 5:45 p.m.
WEBH-FM, 93.9, Sundays, Chicago Evening Forum..... 7:00 p.m.

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The Peoples Church is very grateful to Mr. William Gage of Magikist Services for their cooperation in announcing our Sunday morning broadcast over WLS in their newspaper advertising. We appreciate this courtesy very much.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

A Division of
KEMPER Insurance

Chicago 40